

Special Notices.

No notice can be taken of advertisements unless they are inserted in the office of the editor, and not in the hands of the publisher, but a guarantee of good faith.

We do not hold ourselves responsible for the contents of opinions expressed in the communications of our correspondents.

The new pool hall now under the taking of a newspaper will be the largest of the kind in the city, and will be a valuable addition to the city, as it will be a place where the people can go to amuse themselves, and where they can get a good dinner.

Local Notices. We wish to call the attention of the readers of this paper to the fact that the new pool hall, now under the taking of a newspaper, will be a valuable addition to the city, as it will be a place where the people can go to amuse themselves, and where they can get a good dinner.

PAYING THE CHURCH DEBT.

"Oh, husband, I heard such a sermon today."

By dear Mr. Higgins, who said we would pay."

Next Sabbath the debt on our church, and said he."

"Wherever subscription did have happy he'll be."

"And all may this glorious privilege share."

By paying the sum he surely can spare."

You just sign a slip and you won't can pay."

"Oh, can you imagine an easier way?"

"And then Mr. Higgins said all can afford to give back what only belongs to his."

Lord, who will repay trouble—blessed if we should."

Just sacrifice something, we'll feel the more good."

"You, wife, of that privilege all should partake."

A sacrifice for such a cause we must make."

I, being thankful, will let you, I guess."

For good as we'll sacrifice your new will dress."

"Oh! husband, I couldn't!" My six won't suffice."

Your pastor would want with joy a sacrifice."

A few of your pleasures. I thought you'd be glad."

To give up your pipe and your papers to him."

THE FRESHET.

BY EMMA GARRISON JONES.

She stood in the stormy twilight, the swollen waters running swiftly beneath her bare feet; her dusky eyes fixed intently upon some object, lower down the stream; a little, stray lamb closely clasped in her arms.

They called her Kelpie; nothing else, for the slim, fish-like, lustrous-eyed maiden had no other name.

One mid-winter night, when the snow lay white and heavy on the surrounding hills, and a bitter blast whistled through the valley in which Mapletown nestled, the widow Duckstone, sitting comfortably in her chimney corner, was startled by a sharp rap at the door.

"Why, who can it be on such a night?" cried the widow, pushing her spectacles up on her forehead. "Run to the door, Tom!"

Tom obeyed.

"Who's there?" he demanded. Only the hoarse roar of the wintry blast answered him.

"There's some one lurking about," said Tom, "I'll see what they're after."

But he stumbled over something at his feet. A basket, covered with a colored blanket.

"What's this?" he cried. The colored blanket was removed, and underneath, all folded in flannels, they found a little mit of a baby.

Tom's mother held up two deprecating hands.

"It's a shame," she cried, "and I lone widow. I won't keep it; I won't; it shall go to the poor house in the morning; now there?"

Tom was silent.

But when the morning came, and the news got abroad, and all Mapletown came flocking in to have a look at the Gwendling, Tom got behind his mother's chair, and pinched her arm.

"Mother," he whispered, when she turned round, "don't send the midget away; I shall be a big fellow soon, and I'll work for you both."

His mother nodded, and smiled, but tears rose in her eyes. And when Mr. Thorndyke, the minister, came with the rest, and offered to make some provision for the child, she answered with curt decision,

"I intend to keep it myself."

So the little wail remained at the small cottage, in the sunny pine woods, beyond the village of Mapletown; and when spring came on, in beauty, Mrs. Duckstone carried her little charge to the village church, and the baby was christened, the minister, who was standing godfather. Only Rose! And the sweet name suited her well; for the bloom on her cheeks, and the dewy causation of her young lips, were as bright as the heart of that queenly flower.

Rose was her name, but as the

grew into a slim, slip of a girl, everybody called her Kelpie. Because she was such a will, bright, defiant thing, perhaps, and had such a fondness for the water.

While other girls of her age were playing at baby-house, Rose might be found on the shore of Cedar Creek; launching her miniature boats amid the shallows, wading in the cool water, with bare, brown feet as exquisite in form as a sculptor's model, or swinging in the fork of an overhanging willow, watching the wild ducks as they sailed down stream.

"She's an out-and-out Kelpie," said old Hawks, the Mapletown miller, and from that hour the name clung to her.

Tom made good his promise, and worked hard and willingly for his mother and her adopted child; but there came a time when the little slumbering town was too small for Tom. His growing capacities called for some wider field of action. Where there is a will, a way is generally opened. A fine opportunity came up, and Tom availed himself of it at once. But it required a severe wrench to tear himself away from Mapletown, and the little cottage under the shelter of the pine woods.

"Kelpie, I'm going," he said, when he had parted with his mother.

The girl was driving her lambs into their fold, but she turned round and faced him.

"I'm going," repeated Tom, standing up straight and handsome, a wistful expression in his resolute gray eyes, but I shall come back, Kelpie."

Kelpie stood like a statue.

"Shall I find you here at the old cottage?" he went on. "Will you wait, Kelpie, and have a welcome for me?"

A slight quiver stirred her red lips, but she looked at him with shy, almost defiant eyes.

"I cannot promise," was all she said.

A shadow of pain crossed the young man's eager face. He made a step forward, and caught her two hands.

"You are cruel," he cried. "You know how I love you."

"Stop," she commanded, freeing herself of his grasp. "I will not hear another word. You have been kind and good to me all my life, and I am not ungrateful; let that suffice. Go your way, and leave me to mine."

Tom drew a deep breath: his eyes flashed.

"You prefer some one else," he said, bitterly. "If it were young Doctor Talcott asking you for your promise, you would answer him quite differently, I'll warrant."

"If you think so," well and good," she made answer, and turning from him, followed her lambs to pasture.

Years came and went. Kelpie grew up to womanhood, straight as a dart, and graceful as a young willow.

There was not a young man in Mapletown, who would not have risked life and limb for a smile from her shy, red lips, or a glance of favor from her lustrous, dark eyes. But she kept them all at a distance, even young Talcott.

There came, as time sped on, a spring afternoon, wild with storm and rain. The valley was deluged, and the mad winds tossed and bent the pines and firs off the branches of the maples.

"I must see that the lambs are folded," said Kelpie, as the twilight drew near.

"You'd better stay in doors, and let the creatures shift for themselves," said the widow, from the chimney corner.

But Kelpie had a will of her own, and went out into the storm. A little later, she looked in.

"The house lamb is missing," she said, "I'm going to find it."

"Nay, nay!" cried the widow, "you must not think of it. Ten to one it has strayed beyond the creek. Let it alone."

"The water is rising rapidly, and it may perish. It's a poor, little stray lamb, too," said the girl, her bright eyes softening. "I raised it myself; I cannot leave it to die."

Mapletown was fast closed against the storm, not a creature to be seen in the streets. Beyond, in the ravine, through which the creek ran, the gale had been fearful. Trees were uprooted, and broken boughs tossed about, and the swollen stream dashed over the rocks at a mad rate.

Kelpie

Kelpie went resolutely on, calling her lost lamb, in a clear, high voice, that rang even above the clamor of the storm. And at last, away up amid the laurel cliffs, a plaintive cry answered her; and at the foot of an old pine, she found her lamb.

She caught it up with a hushed cry of delight, and turned her face homeward. Twilight was falling, and the rising waters were all about her feet. She went on carefully, picking her way, leaping lightly from rock to rock, the wind tossing her unbound hair.

A sound of tramping hoofs, and directly a man's voice, in imperative command, reached her from below. Standing on the slippery rocks, the swift-flowing waters beneath her, one hand resting upon a rough boulder, the other grasping her lamb, she peered down the stream.

There was a horseman at the lower ford, making vain efforts to cross.

The horse reared and backed, evidently frightened at the swollen stream. But his rider urged him on, with whip and spur, and at last he went in, with a wild leap.

Plunging furiously, he gained the opposite shore, but with such a frantic bound, that his rider was thrown from the saddle. The horse galloped off in the direction of Mapletown, but his master lay motionless.

Kelpie, looking on breathlessly, uttered a low cry, and still clasping her lamb, darted over the rocks, and down the shore of the creek. Before she reached him, or looked into his death-like face, some subtle voice within, told her it was Tom.

There he lay, his right arm doubled under him, the sharp edge of a rock piercing his temple.

Kelpie raised his head to her bosom, and held it there for an instant, as a mother might hold her babe; then, with an unspoken prayer on her ashen lips, she caught up her lamb, and darted off through the falling darkness, with the speed of a swallow.

Help came in a very short time, and the injured man was placed on a litter, and borne across the valley to his mother's cottage.

"He is not dead?" said Kelpie, confronting Doctor Talcott, when the brief examination was over.

The young man looked at the lovely, dusk face, pallid with suspense and agony; and in that minute he understood why it was that Kelpie had turned a deaf ear to all his ardent wooing.

"No, he is not dead," he answered, his eyes softening with pity. "I will save his life for your sake."

It was after midnight, when Tom recovered consciousness.

"Where is Kelpie?" were his first words.

"You mustn't talk," said his mother. But he silenced her with a gesture.

"Call Kelpie."

And the girl came. He took her hand in his left one; his right lay bandaged and disabled by his side.

"I was coming to bring you good news," he said, a slight quiver stirring his firm lips; "that's what brought me. Kelpie, I've found your friends. You are no longer a waif. The man, who put you at my mother's door, is dead. I saw him die, and heard his confession. You stood between him and a great fortune, and he wanted you out of the way. He is dead, and the fortune is yours, and to-morrow your mother will be in Mapletown, to claim you."

The dark, southern face grew fairly dazzling, in its exceeding joy.

"Oh! thank God! thank God!" she said.

A shadow of intense pain filled Tom's eyes.

"How glad you are," he said. "Yes, I am glad, very glad, Tom."

"Then, I'll try to be glad for your sake," he answered, hoarsely, and turned his face away.

Silence fell. The clock ticked on the mantel, and the cat purred before the hearth. Kelpie stood irresolute, great tears standing in her eyes. At last she stole to the bedside, and her slender brown hand, which had never touched Tom's, only with the shy, coy touch of a bird, fell softly upon his bandaged head.

He opened his eyes, with a great start.

"Kelpie?"

"Yes, Tom."

Again there was silence. "Tom," the girl began, at last, her stony eyes downcast, her red lips quivering. "Tom, you remember that morning we parted under yonder by the sheep-fold?"

"Yes, I remember."

"You asked me for a promise then—"

"And you refused it, wisely enough."

"Tom," and the soft, fluttering hand touched his forehead again, "if you have not changed your mind, ask me again, ask me now!"

All bruised and bandaged as he was, the young fellow struggled up.

"Why, Kelpie, you don't mean—"

"Ask me, and you shall see, Tom."

Something in her downcast face gave him courage. He caught the fluttering hand, and held it fast.

"Ask you now, Rose? Oh, you know how I love you. I have loved you my whole life long. I shall love you till my dying day. But Rose—"

"Do you want my promise, Tom?"

"Want it? I would die for it, Kelpie."

She extended her other hand, and looked up at him, all her woman's heart in her shy eyes.

"Then it's your's Tom. When you asked me before, I was nameless. I couldn't bear to think I might bring you shame some day—but, thank God, all that is past—I am—"

"You are what you have always been to me, Rose, the sweetest, purest creature God ever made; but for forget, child, your mother comes to-morrow, and you are an heiress—"

"I forget nothing, Tom; if I were the queen on her throne, I should say the same thing. I am yours, if you really want me."

The Fresh Air Fund, Boston.

In the summer of 1880 a gentleman sent to the City Mission Society twenty dollars, to be spent in tickets to be given to the poor, that they might enjoy a ride on the street-car.

Into the suburbs of the city. This amount, increased by the gifts of others to one hundred dollars, was the beginning of what has since been known as "The Fresh Air Fund." In 1881, it was contributed \$145.00; in 1882, \$144.00; in 1883, \$85.84.

During the last summer, there were distributed 17,450 street-car tickets, 3,024 harbor tickets, and 1,432 persons were permitted to enjoy a visit or a day's vacation in the country.

The small expenditure of five dollars will enable one hundred persons to take a ride into the suburbs of the city, and ten dollars will give a sail down the harbor. It is also proposed to take large numbers to the West Roxbury Park (containing five hundred acres), with its delightful scenery, beautiful groves and invigorating air, proved a pleasant resort last year to those who live in crowded tenements. There can certainly be no more economical way to refresh and cheer those who need and are worthy of such charity. Thirty dollars will meet the expense of conveying one hundred persons to the park, and providing an ample collation.

Donations for the "Fresh Air Fund" should be sent to:

REV. D. W. WALDRON,
1 Somerset Street,
Boston, Mass.

BRICA-BRAC.

"Do you think your son smokes, Mrs. Jones?"

"I'm sure of it, Mrs. Brown. I've found pieces of tobacco in his pockets."

"Dear me, dear me, I'm sorry. My son has no bad habits. I never find any thing in his pockets but gloves and coffee beans."

Ask for Ayer's Hair-Pencil, and do not be persuaded to take any other. Sold by all druggists.

Do boys or girls make the most noise? Is the latest conundrum. Turn a mouse into a scold and it will be settled as quick as it will make your head swim.

FRANK'S WHITE OLYMPIAN is acknowledged to be far superior to anything on the market for the use of all skin diseases and the impurities of the complexion. It penetrates the skin without injury.

A certain cure for Spring Fever is to have a cross baby in the house. They will prevent everybody from becoming lazy.

Everybody admires beautiful hair, and every one may possess it by using Ayer's Hair Vigor.

The season at Downer Landing has been a happy one. Asphalt pavements are to make Stoughton people happy.

A fatal epidemic has broken out among the cattle at Hull.

The Bell Ringing Spauldings are at Plymouth for the season.

A whale was recently caught in a fish weir, at Provincetown.

A vestry is to be placed under the M. E. Church at Campello.

The shoe shipments for Brockton the past week were \$752,118.

An association of stationary engineers has been formed in Brockton.

In Quincy, Braintree, Weymouth and Hingham there are 95 telephone offices.

The new depot buildings to be erected at Huntington Heights will be of brick.

Mr. Isaac Hore, of South Abington, is suffering very much from erysipelas.

Stoughton Improvement Society have about two hundred dollars in the treasury.

Fire worms are doing a great deal of damage to the cranberry vines at Harwich.

The Baptists of South Abington intended spending \$10,000 upon their church edifice.

Mr. George H. Washburn of Middleboro will spend the summer in Constantinople.

A Dartmouth chicken recently hatched was blessed with three eyes and two beaks.

Within five months, a flock of two hundred hens at Bridgewater have laid 1770 eggs.

A firm in Carver are selling eighteen pounds of sugar for one dollar, so as not to be undersold.

The depot and freight house at Mattapoisett have been painted in two shades of green.

The Old Colony railroad company has declared a dividend of \$3.50 per share, payable July 1st.

Major George B. Russell, U. S. A., and family from Leavenworth, Kansas, will summer in Plymouth.

The first annual reunion of the South Abington High School Association will be held June 26.

A whale about sixty feet long was cast ashore at Warren's Cove, Plymouth, one day last week.

Forty-three hot-air furnaces were cast at the LeBaron foundry, Middleboro, during the winter season.

The Old Colony Holiness Association will begin their eighth annual grove meeting at Rock, June 30.

After the recent hail storm in Plymouth, a piece of ice was picked up measuring three inches across.

Mayflower lodge, of Middleboro, has received a very nice picture, a gift from the late John B. LeBaron.

Reynolds Post 58, will make a trip to Philadelphia the 30th, on invitation of the G. A. R. posts of that city.

At the forty-sixth annual meeting of the Hingham cemetery proprietors they reported cash in treasury \$258.69.

Mr. Arthur Wheeler, of Rockland, is engaged for the season to play in a brass band at Bar Harbor, Mount Desert.

A rattlesnake measuring four feet long and with eleven rattles was killed in Quincy recently by Mr. Edward V. Trask.

The Farmers' Club at Hanson will celebrate their seventh annual reunion by a floral and strawberry festival, the 25th.

The late William Perry of Brockton made the Massachusetts Institute of Technology the residuary legatee of his estate.

South Shore and County.

Since she was 7 years old.

Vernon H. Whitman of East Bridgewater took his degree on Tuesday, June 16, at the Columbia College law school at Washington.

Mr. C. B. Hutchinson of East Abington, is still retained at the State House, and there is a chance that his position may be permanent.

Mrs. Louise F. Baker, of South Abington, started on Wednesday, June 15, to join her husband who resides in Anioh, California.

Among the attractions at a recent strawberry festival in East Braintree, was a marriage ceremony which was a surprise to most of those assembled.

Five hundred and fifty-five school-children between the ages of five and fifteen, in Bridgewater. A decrease of forty-nine against last year.

Thirty ladies connected with the Fort Hill Sewing Circle, at Hingham, spent the day of June 5, with Mrs. J. A. Newhall, at her cottage, Nantasket Beach.

Mr. William Saunders, one of the 49 pioneers to California from Plymouth, was instantly killed at Stockton, by falling from an elevator, Memorial day.

Brockton wants the O. C. R. R. Co. to pay seventy-five dollars, for release of the city's right, to take gravel from the place, where the new depot is to be built.

A. R. Moore, a shoe manufacturer of Brockton, has left for unknown parts, owing two thousand dollars, several hundred are to his help. Dealing in stocks, is a cause.

Ten Posts represented by twenty delegates were at the annual convention of Plymouth County Division, G. A. R., held at South Abington, June 10.

The children and grand-children with other friends of Dea. Joseph Cleverly, of North Abington, visited him on his eighty-seventh birthday, June 6.

Rev. N. N. Glazier, a former pastor of the Baptist church in South Abington has been invited to supply the pulpit of the Baptist church at Westboro'.

The superintendent of the Baptist Sunday School at Quincy Point was presented with a very nice watch chain from members of the school, upon his recent birthday.

Mr. and Mrs. Seth Thompson, of East Bridgewater, are said to be the oldest married couple in Plymouth County. They were married sixty-nine years ago last New Year's day.

From a defective chimney the house of Mr. Galen Cushing, of West Abington, was burned June 10. It is a heavy loss to Mr. Cushing, as it was insured for only a small part of its value.

A new building is to be erected at the state work-house, Bridgewater, which will be one hundred and eighty feet long, and contain ninety-six cells for the worst persons sent to this institution.

The first morning service of the Episcopal church which had been held in Middleboro, for nearly half a century, was conducted by Rev. John S. Beers, last Sunday morning at Y. M. C. A. Hall.

The oil stove of Mrs. John Bates of North Abington, took fire from being filled while lighted. It might have proved a serious accident but for the help of the postmaster who was passing by.

Mr. A. O. Achorn, a former High School teacher of South Abington, and who for the year past has been studying law, has passed a very successful examination, and will be admitted to the Plymouth bar.

The I. O. G. T., of Rockland, presented Mr. George A. H. Young with a photograph album, on the eve of his departure to Chicago, where he goes as assistant superintendent in the tack factory of E. Hutchinson.

Mr. Elbridge Cushman, of Lakeville, has planted twenty-five acres of corn this season which is believed to be next to the largest amount planted in the county, the twenty-seven acre field in West Bridgewater being the other.

Five days after the Massachusetts Mutual Life Insurance Society received the claim blanks, in the case of the death of Mr. E. N. Thompson, of Wareham, they sent a five thousand dollar check, the amount of his policies. A speedy return.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Waugh of Abington were given a reception at the Stoughton M. E. Church, June 12, being their twenty-fifth marriage anniversary. They were the recipients of a costly silver butter dish from his shopmates, a handsome china tea set from the society, silver tea pitcher and many other articles of value from friends.

James F. Griffin and Wallace R. Burrell, of Weymouth, have been committed to Plymouth Jail, for stealing money from the West Hingham depot, they went on a trip to New York and Providence, and at the latter place their funds gave out so they walked to Braintree. Griffin was out of the Reform School on probation where he had been sent for breaking into District Attorney Humpreys' residence two years ago. They said they broke into the North Weymouth depot, two years ago and stole twenty-five dollars.

Miss Kate Donnelly, of Haverhill, has gone to St. Louis, to look after an estate of \$30,000 said to be a legacy from an uncle.

Mr. Curtis Powers of North Abington has gone on a visit to his father in California, whom she has not seen since she was 7 years old.

TEETH

DR. J. H. CHILDS, DENTIST, 101 West St.

Fairs for 1884.

Agricultural exhibitions for 1884 in this section of the State will be held as follows: Barnstable at Barnstable, Sept. 23 and 24; Bristol at Falmouth, Sept. 30, Oct. 1 and 2; Marshfield at Marshfield, Sept. 10, 11 and 12; Martha's Vineyard at West Tisbury, Sept. 30, Oct. 1; Nantucket at Nantucket, Sept. 3 and 4; Plymouth at Bridgewater, Sept. 17, 18 and 19.

A well-known real estate broker of New Haven, has a valuable letter in another column.

L. R. RISKAN.

HAYING TOOLS.

New England Tiger

AND

NEW CHAMPION

HORSE RAKES.

The E. P. Welch & Son

CELEBRATED

SCYTHES.

Walter A. Wood Mower.

MUDGET TEDDER.

